Nowhere MAN

The year is 2004, 4 years after the end of the gruesome Yugoslavian war. The city of New York a bustling metropolis, was a huge contrast to the war-ravaged landscapes of Eastern Europe. Amidst the city's towering buildings and endless noises, a shadow emerges. A man who seems he had been sleep walking all his life, an eastern European trying to steer life in a foreign land after surviving the Yugoslavian war.

His silhouette, though positioned against the bright city lights, bared weight of a past scarred by conflict. His clothes though, replaced by the attire of a New Yorker, couldn't conceal the gnarly scars of war. His eyes were a mirror to his soul, that reflected a disruptive past and a struggle with PTSD. He was a survivor, not just of a war of nations, but also a war with himself. The busy city was so severely different from his native land, was a constant reminder of his journey form the war-ravaged landscapes of Eastern Europe to the jam-packed streets of New York. Every siren was a jarring reminder of the past, every crowd would trigger his anxiety. Yet, he persevered, driven by the hope of finding peace in the middle of chaos, and building a new life while tussling with the shadows of old.

Whilst walking through the city he sees a small vintage American dinner in Brooklyn with a "help wanted" sign out front. He worked as a busboy and washed the dishes. Though he was earning an honest living, the hard and long work hours felt tedious. In his free time, he explored the city, but during this he felt as a wolf in sleeps skin. He couldn't enjoy the vibrant and colourful city lights, nor the marvellous diversity of the city. He saw the city as a place where people mindlessly go through life.

He had nightmares every night of his friends and families being slaughtered and gunned down by soldiers and mercenaries, and also of the horrid crimes he committed during the war. Hoping to escape his past, but in the "city of dreams" his nightmares haunt him and his shadows tormented him. The bar a few blocks from his apartment became his new solace. A dark and dingy place filled with smoke in the air and the stench of liquor from everyman in the establishment. He would go to the bar every night after his shift to escape from his sorrows and shadows.

A man filled with so much sorrow did feel happy during the day, but only during the first 5 seconds when he'd wake up in the morning before he'd realise who he is and what he has done. The thought of taking his own life is what he thinks of everyday. As there is no one in his family left but himself, he also starts reminisce of time his time in Yugoslavia and acknowledged that he died in his homeland with his friends and family and is now just sleepwalking through life.

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